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The useless efforts now are o'er,
The language of my eyes can tell,
Against thy power I'll fight no more,
But sigh, and feel—I love too well.
His Majesty's ship L'Argus, J. P.
Cork, Nov. 18, 1808.

SELECT POETRY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ARABIC, BY THE LATE DOCTOR CARLYLE.

THOSE dear abodes which once contained the fair,
Amidst Mitala's wilds I seek in vain,
Nor towers, nor tents, nor cottages are there,
But scattered ruins and a silent plain.

The proud canals, that once Rayana graced,
Their course neglected and their waters gone,
Among the levelled sands are dimly traced,
Like moss-grown letters on a mouldering stone.

Rayana, say, how many a tedious year,
Its hallowed circle o'er our heads hath roll'd,
Since to my vows thy tender maids gave ear,
And fondly listened to the tale I told?

How oft, since there, the star of Spring that pours
A never-failing stream, hath drenched thy head?
How oft, the Summer's cloud in copious showers,
Or gentle drops its genial influence shed?

How oft, since there, the hovering mist of morn,
Hath caused thy locks with glittering gems to glow,
How oft hath eve her dewy treasures borne,
To fall responsive to the breeze below?

The matted thistles, bending to the gale,
Now clothe those meadows once with verdure gay;
Amidst the windings of that lonely vale,
The teeming antelope and ostrich stray:

The large-eyed mother of the herd, that flies
Man's noisy haunts, here finds a sure retreat,
Here tends her clustering young, till age supplies,
Strength to their limbs and swiftness to their feet.

Save where the swelling stream hath swept those walls,
And given their deep foundations to the light,
(As the retouching pencil that recalls,
A long lost picture to the raptured sight.)

Save where the rains have washed the gathered sands,
And bared the scanty fragments to our view,
(As the dust* sprinkled on a punctured hand,
Bids the faint tints resume their azure hue.)

No mossy record of those once loved seats,
Points out the mansion to inquiring eyes,
No tottering wall, in echoing sounds repeats,
Our mournful questions, and our bursting sighs!

Yet midst those ruin'd heaps—that naked plain,
Can faithful Memory former scenes restore,
Recall the busy throng, the jocund train,
And picture all that charmed us there before.

Ne'er shall my heart the fatal morn forget,
That bore the fair ones from these seats so dear,
I see, I see, the crowding litters yet,
And yet the tent-poles rattle in my ear.

I see the maids with timid steps ascend,
The streamers wave in all their painted pride,
The floating curtains every fold extend,
And vainly strive the charms within to hide.

What graceful forms those envious folds enclose!
What melting glances through those curtains play!
Sure Weira's antelopes, or Tudah's roes,
Through yonder veils their sportive young survey.

The band moved on—to trace their steps I strove,
I saw them urge the camels' hastening flight,
Till the white vapour, like a rising grove,
Snatched them for ever from my aching sight.

Nor since that morn have I Nawara seen
The bands are burst, which held us once so fast,
Memory but tells me that such things have been,
And sad Reflection adds, that they are past.

* It is a custom with the Arabian women, in order to give the veins of their hands and arms a more brilliant appearance, to make slight punctures along them, and to rub into the incisions a blue powder, which they renew occasionally as it happens to wear out.